

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays

\$2.00 PER ANNUM

we paid strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

W. P. WALTON.

"Eureka."

A friend sends us a copy of the North Middlesex (Ez.) Chronicle which comments as follows on Mr. Barnes' new book, "Eureka": "In this little book Mr. G. O. Barnes (whose visits to North Middlesex last summer caused no little excitement) seeks to set forth the reason why he has joined himself to the Established Church of England, which he describes as the only true church. Put in few words his argument is as follows: There can be but one true church and not a number of sects; for this church Mr. Barnes has been seeking for years, after vainly trying the Presbyterian and Plymouth Brethren sections; he has discovered the object of his prolonged search in the Church of England, which he identifies with the church of ancient Israel, especially blessed and favored by God. Her Queen," says the writer, "is a lineal descendant of King David. Her ministers are a genuine priesthood.... When God united church and State He knew what was best for the perpetuity of both. It will be a sad day for England when they are disunited. What God hath joined let no man put asunder.... Not in vain did St. Peter write, 'Honor the King.' These never has been but one of God's recognition *per excellence*!"

These are a few of the dogmatic utterances of this new disciple, which will doubtless fill even stout church protectionists with astonishment. Hat Mr. Barnes goes further. He asserts that the church of England has saved more souls than any other ecclesiastical body; that she stands today, at the head of missionary operation; that she gave the Bible to the world; and that she can make good her pedigree from Abraham. Upon dissenters Mr. Barnes is, of course, very severe. All dissent, or schism, from his true church he affirms is of the devil. It is in itself evil and only evil, and that continually, however much over-ruled by the Lord's love, for it is evil." All this was revealed to the writer by the Lord as he lay in bed on the night of the 14th of June last, as he informs his readers; the revelation is indeed an astounding one, and not many people, we are afraid, will be able to swallow the sentiments contained in his pamphlet. We among Mr. Barnes' touching reminiscences of Jumbo is the cost of his feed at \$30 a day, and he says that Jumbo daily swallowed a barrel of potatoes, a bushel of onions and 400 pounds of hay. His hide weighs 1,600 pounds. It required a ton of salt and 180 pounds of alum bark to cure it.

Pat Dwan, the editor who claims to have written Gov. Knott's famous Duluth speech, got off the following at a recent press banquet in Tennessee:

"Earth's two greatest oceans, three thousand miles apart, shall roll up in thundering oratorio their echo of glad refrain; the vastest gulf and grandest lakes in all creation shall join the chant; river after river, barge rolling floods, shall conspire to swell the giant roar; Superior's waves, old Mississippi's torrents; Niagara's misty thunders, shall roar it far and wide; the hurricane, crushing through ten thousand mountain gorges, from the Alleghanies to the Cordilleras, from the Adirondacks to the Sierra Nevada; shall the raging blizzards, hurling six inch hailstones on sky-bound and horizon-fenced plains, shall whistle and rattle it; the eastward shall shriek it, the lone owl let loose, and the grizzly bear shall growl it; and the burden of it shall be: 'America for Americans! One country, one flag, one master—from Greenland's icy mountains to Darien's golden strand! E Pluribus Unum! Erin Go Bragh! No birthright and forevermore, world without end—anam, a woman!'

Pickled cucumbers are wholesome and palatable. I do not mean those purchased from the grocers, which are generally put up in England with manufactured vinegar that is slow, pale, but grown, pickled, and put up at home, with home-made cider. Here is an excellent receipt which quickly converts cucumbers into crisp, appetizing pickles, not affected by season or climate. Take each hundred of cucumbers put a pint of salt, and pour on boiling water sufficient to cover the whole. Cover them tight to prevent the steam from escaping, and in this condition let them stand 24 hours. They are then to be taken out, and after being wiped perfectly dry, care being taken that the skin is not broken, placed in the jar in which they are to be kept. Billing vinegar (if spice is to be used it should be boiled with the vinegar) is then to be putt in them, the jar closed tight, and in a fortnight delicious, hard pickles are produced as green as the day they were upon vines—[American Cultivator].

SMITH'S ROMANCE—When Mr. Brewster left the Department of Justice he asked only one favor of his successor, and that was to retain a certain lady clerk. He gave his reasons why, and they contain material for romance. When he was a younger man he said he was very much in love with a girl who refused to marry him, presumably because of the disfigurement of his face. She gave no reason, but he always supposed that was her objection to him. She married some one else, and he lost sight of her until soon after he became Attorney General, when he received a letter from his old love congratulating him upon his appointment. He answered the letter without inquiry as to her circumstances and condition in life. She replied that she was a widow with a small income, but many and pleasant friends. The next letter he wrote tendered her a position in the Department of Justice, which she accepted, and which Attorney General Garland has assured her she will be retained as long as he is in authority.

"And what was the reason, my little man?" said the speaker, stepping forward, with his face in a joyous glow. "Speak up loud, so that all may hear you; why wouldn't the lions bite Daniel?"

"I guess it was 'cause he belonged to the circus."

The sedateness of the occasion was interrupted.—[Chicago Ledger.]

"He—" told Mr. Bluff what you said, Care; that you felt really insulted that he should come into your presence in his shirt sleeves." She—"I am sorry you told him, John it is needless to make the poor fellow feel bad about it; I don't imagine he thought about his appearance. But what did he say?" He—"Oh, he said if he had known you objected to his shirt sleeves, he should have rolled them up out of sight." [Boston Transcript.]

A firm at Georgetown, Del., has a contract to furnish five million wooden plates with crimped edges, exactly like the tin plates. The advantages claimed for the wooden article are that it will not allow the pie to burn nor the lower crust to become soggy.

Old Aunt Lydia Thompson, who came over with the Pilgrims, will return to America next season. Aunt Lydia will be nineteen in June.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1855.

NO. 59

How Jumbo was killed.

A slight, representing Mr. Birnum, says that the truth about the killing of Jumbo is as follows: After the show to St. Thomas, Ont., that evening, the driver started down the track with Jumbo and the baby elephant, Tom Thumb, to where the Grand Trunk freight train was standing. There are a great many tracks at that point used in the switching of cars on the Grand Trunk air line, which there joins the main stem of the road. On one side of the track was the train and on the other was a steep embankment. As the train came around the curve the keeper tried to induce Jumbo to go down the embankment, but he would not, for what reason was not at first apparent. The baby elephant was in the rear, and as the train approached Jumbo began to bellow and swing his trunk. The little elephant seemed dazed, but did not get out of the way. As the engine was almost upon them Jumbo raised on his hind legs as though to protect the baby, and then quick as thought dropped down and grabbed him in his trunk and hurled him with great force over all the tracks and against a freight car twenty yards away, where he dropped down whining like a puppy with a sore foot. Jumbo, in saving the life of his little protege, had entirely neglected his own escape. The locomotive struck him with full force in the side, crowding him against some cars on the siding nearest him, and fairly squeezing the life out of him. When they came to the end of the switch the engine left the track, and with it five freight cars that stood on the siding.

Then there was a scene never to be forgotten by those that witnessed it. The mangled beast roared with pain, and the little elephant roared as loud as he could in sympathy. The crash was too heavy to leave any chance of recovery, and the bystanders could only wait for Jumbo's death. It was not long delayed. In three minutes he turned over on his back dead. It was found that the baby elephant had sustained a broken leg, and, as there was no help for him, orders were given that he be put out of his misery, which order was carried into effect.

Among Mr. Birnum's touching reminiscences of Jumbo is the cost of his feed at \$30 a day, and he says that Jumbo daily swallowed a barrel of potatoes, a bushel of onions and 400 pounds of hay. His hide weighs 1,600 pounds. It required a ton of salt and 180 pounds of alum bark to cure it.

Pat Dwan, the editor who claims to have written Gov. Knott's famous Duluth speech, got off the following at a recent press banquet in Tennessee:

"Earth's two greatest oceans, three thousand miles apart, shall roll up in thundering oratorio their echo of glad refrain; the vastest gulf and grandest lakes in all creation shall join the chant; river after river, barge rolling floods, shall conspire to swell the giant roar; Superior's waves, old Mississippi's torrents; Niagara's misty thunders, shall roar it far and wide; the hurricane, crushing through ten thousand mountain gorges, from the Alleghanies to the Cordilleras, from the Adirondacks to the Sierra Nevada; shall the raging blizzards, hurling six inch hailstones on sky-bound and horizon-fenced plains, shall whistle and rattle it; the eastward shall shriek it, the lone owl let loose, and the grizzly bear shall growl it; and the burden of it shall be: 'America for Americans! One country, one flag, one master—from Greenland's icy mountains to Darien's golden strand! E Pluribus Unum! Erin Go Bragh! No birthright and forevermore, world without end—anam, a woman!'

Pickled cucumbers are wholesome and palatable. I do not mean those purchased from the grocers, which are generally put up in England with manufactured vinegar that is slow, pale, but grown, pickled, and put up at home, with home-made cider. Here is an excellent receipt which quickly converts cucumbers into crisp, appetizing pickles, not affected by season or climate. Take each hundred of cucumbers put a pint of salt, and pour on boiling water sufficient to cover the whole. Cover them tight to prevent the steam from escaping, and in this condition let them stand 24 hours. They are then to be taken out, and after being wiped perfectly dry, care being taken that the skin is not broken, placed in the jar in which they are to be kept. Billing vinegar (if spice is to be used it should be boiled with the vinegar) is then to be putt in them, the jar closed tight, and in a fortnight delicious, hard pickles are produced as green as the day they were upon vines—[American Cultivator].

SMITH'S ROMANCE—When Mr. Brewster left the Department of Justice he asked only one favor of his successor, and that was to retain a certain lady clerk. He gave his reasons why, and they contain material for romance. When he was a younger man he said he was very much in love with a girl who refused to marry him, presumably because of the disfigurement of his face. She gave no reason, but he always supposed that was her objection to him. She married some one else, and he lost sight of her until soon after he became Attorney General, when he received a letter from his old love congratulating him upon his appointment. He answered the letter without inquiry as to her circumstances and condition in life. She replied that she was a widow with a small income, but many and pleasant friends. The next letter he wrote tendered her a position in the Department of Justice, which she accepted, and which Attorney General Garland has assured her she will be retained as long as he is in authority.

"And what was the reason, my little man?" said the speaker, stepping forward, with his face in a joyous glow. "Speak up loud, so that all may hear you; why wouldn't the lions bite Daniel?"

"I guess it was 'cause he belonged to the circus."

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Mr. Minor (brother to one of the same name long an inmate of the Stanford prison) died at Milledgeville Monday evening.

John D. Carpenter has returned from Cincinnati and reports a successful venture with the horse he shipped last week; prices not given.

Miss Annie McKinney, who has been visiting in Kansas for some months, returned on Tuesday, apparently much improved in health. Mrs. Belle Brown has been very low during the last few days.

The protracted drought has told a length on our supply of water; hence we are compelled to seek some other element with which to allay our thirst. Some of us submit to the necessity with heroic resolution.

J. Steele Carpenter reports a case for the consideration of horsemen. He owns a colt of this year's foaling which yields an abundant flow of milk from day to day. No means applied thus far have had any effect in reducing the lacteal secretion.

Having noticed in several papers strictures on the course of Prof. Dabney, late of Garrard Female College, in reference to the sanitary condition of Lancaster, I feel constrained to suggest that there must be a large amount of exaggeration concerning his alleged utterances. I rode with Mr. D. on an entire day while he was canvassing this county for pupils—was present at every conference he held—heard the reasons he gave when questioned as to his change of location, and declare that he did not utter a syllable derogatory to Lancaster. On the contrary he spoke in the highest terms of the pleasantness of the place, the high tone of its society, the pleasant acquaintances he and his wife had formed there, and, in answer to a direct question, declared he knew of no reason why it should be regarded as an unhealthy place. I regret that there is any misunderstanding.

A Pennsylvania farmer sold over \$6,000 worth of produce from twelve acres. He farmed 2d with a compost of hardwood ashes and oyster shell lime, plowed deep, planted medium sized, well formed, uncut potatoes three feet apart, gave level cultivation and cultivated often. From one hill he took forty-nine large tubers.

Farmers who raise corn should bear in mind that the best time for selecting their seed for next year is when the crop begins to ripen in the field. After gathering the largest, earliest ripening ears from those stalks bearing two full-grown ones, trace them, hang in a warm, dry place and let them remain until planting time.

The Jersey red swine are securing an enviable reputation in the West for hardiness. They are not fine-bred animals, but for rough treatment are all the better for that. Their heavy coat of hair protects them from sun scalding in summer and against extreme cold in winter. They continue growing for two years or more, and at this stage make heavy-weight hogs.

The Register illustrates the saying that a cobbler should stick to his last with the following: "A prominent Richmond lawyer owns a farm in the eastern part of the county. His overseer twitted him on the number and size of the crawfish on the farm. With an air of profound knowledge concerning the farm, and especially the crawfish, he told the overseer's son a reward of one cent for every crawfish caught. The overseer commenced plowing after the rain last week, the boy following in the furrows, and in one afternoon picked up a meal-sack full. The lawyer happened out next day, the boy counted out 1,370, the lawyer gave him a check for \$13.70 and withdrew the reward.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Fever, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eructions, and positively cures Piles, or no required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes— "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscesses on lungs and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got a trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite and a gall in stool of 45 pounds." Call at Penny & McAlister's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this cure for Lung Diseases. Large boxes \$1.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes— "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers. They give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver Complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Penny & McAlister.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchis' Catecholion, a Feminine Remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian trouble, Inflammation and Ulceration, Felling and Displacement of the womb, bearing down, irregularity, Barronness, Change of Life, Leucorrhonia, besides many weaknesses accompanying the above, like Headache, Bleeding, Spitting, Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Disturbance, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Dr. J. B. Marchis, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlets, free, a trial by Penny & McAlister, Druggists.

HALLS GAP, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—J. M. Ware sold a 4 year-old combined horse for \$150.

Logan Murphy had a \$50 ox killed by the north bound freight train one night recently.

These cool nights make the old men's "fancies lightly turn" to thoughts of just such another spell when they used to go "coot hunting" a long time ago.

Eld. Collier has been preaching at the Union church since Saturday, but owing to other meetings near by the congregations have not been as large as usual. There have been no confessions as yet. Eld. Collier had to return home Thursday, but an effort is being made to get some one to fill his place, and if successful the meeting will continue for some time.

Sam L. Belin, one of our worthy young men, left Monday for Lexington to enter the Commercial College of Kentucky University. Miss Ella Collier, a bright little beauty of Hazel Patch, is visiting Miss Addie Martin, this week. Miss Kittie Napier is quite low with typhoid fever. Miss Susie Bourne is back again after an absence of several weeks at Somerton. Mrs. Jno. J. Kendall, of Junction City, is visiting her father, Mr. S. L. Were. Mrs. May Coll, of Washington, D. C., has been spending a few days with Mrs. Dave Kirk.

AGRICULTURAL.

Hens of the White Leghorn breed will each produce on an average about 150 eggs in a year, which is about fifty per cent. more than the average obtained from mongrel fowls.

Ten pairs of English sparrows were let loose in Adelaide, South Africa, a few years ago, and now they have probably 2,000,000, not spread over the colony, but crowded into the settled districts, for they feed almost entirely on fruit and grain produced by cultivation.

A Pennsylvania farmer sold over \$6,000 worth of produce from twelve acres. He farmed 2d with a compost of hardwood ashes and oyster shell lime, plowed deep, planted medium sized, well formed, uncut potatoes three feet apart, gave level cultivation and cultivated often. From one hill he took forty-nine large tubers.

Farmers who raise corn should bear in mind that the best time for selecting their seed for next year is when the crop begins to ripen in the field. After gathering the largest, earliest ripening ears from those stalks bearing two full-grown ones, trace them, hang in a warm, dry place and let them remain until planting time.

The Jersey red swine are securing an enviable reputation in the West for hardiness. They are not fine-bred animals, but for rough treatment are all the better for that. Their heavy coat of hair protects them from sun scalding in summer and against extreme cold in winter. They continue growing for two years or more, and at this stage make heavy-weight hogs.

The Register illustrates the saying that a cobbler should stick to his last with the following: "A prominent Richmond lawyer owns a farm in the eastern part of the county. His overseer twitted him on the number and size of the crawfish on the farm. With an air of profound knowledge concerning the farm, and especially the crawfish, he told the overseer's son a reward of one cent for every crawfish caught. The overseer commenced plowing after the rain last week, the boy following in the furrows, and in one afternoon picked up a meal-sack full. The lawyer happened out next day, the boy counted out 1,370, the lawyer gave him a check for \$13.70 and withdrew the reward.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Fever, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eructions, and positively cures Piles, or no required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes— "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscesses on lungs and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got a trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite and a gall in stool of 45 pounds." Call at Penny & McAlister's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this cure for Lung Diseases. Large boxes \$1.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes— "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers. They give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver Complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Penny & McAlister.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchis' Catecholion, a Feminine Remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian trouble, Inflammation and Ulceration, Felling and Displacement of the womb, bearing down, irregularity, Barronness, Change of Life, Leucorrhonia, besides many weaknesses accompanying the above, like Headache, Bleeding, Spitting, Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Disturbance, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Dr. J. B. Marchis, Utica, N. Y.,

## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., September 25, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

**JOHNNY WISE** is not sailing in pleasant waters in his canvass for governor of Virginia. One of his main points was the denunciation of the people of Danville for what he said was "a premeditated plot to murder innocent negroes for political purposes." When he went to Danville last week to speak, Dr. Temple, a leading politician, called on him at his hotel and addressed him thus: "Mr. Wise, you have denounced the people of Danville as liars and cowards. You were a liar when you made such a charge, and if you will come with me to a room up stairs, I will ascertain whether you are not also a coward. I shall not excite the crowd against you, but the matter will be arranged privately between you and me." Mr. Wise replied, "I am here on business and have no friends, but if you will press me I think the matter can be arranged as you desire." During his speech that night Wise took pains not to refer to his charges against Danville and it is likely that he will be more particular hereafter in the use of his tongue.

The New York republicans after a two-days' session nominated Ira Davenport for governor and Gen. Carr, the present Secretary of State, for Lieutenant Governor. There were eleven persons voted for on the first ballot. Davenport is a bachelor with a "bar" but is not the man it is said to create any enthusiasm. The platform adopted praises the civil service law and demands that it be honestly enforced by the officials and extended to all grades of public service. It declares straight out for protection and asserts that the introduction of free trade would destroy our mills and factories and carry down American wages to the standard of the old world. The paper contains ten planks but the two given are only of general concern.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says: President Cleveland, at all events, is thoroughly honest in his policy to divorce office-holding from politics. Some time ago General Rosecrans, who is now the Register of the United States Treasury, was invited to make speeches in behalf of the democracy in Ohio. He has been compelled to decline the invitation. When President Cleveland returned from his vacation Gen. Rosecrans called upon him to ask if public officers were allowed to take part in political campaigns. It is understood that President Cleveland set his foot down and forbade any such proceeding on the part of any one holding office under his administration, and Rosecrans accordingly sent his declination.

The clique at Frankfort is now trying to make it appear that Judge Durham aspires to be the dispenser of Federal patronage in the State to enable him to win the governorship, upon which he has had his weather fixed for some time. It is said that Knott and Blackburn bitterly oppose his aspirations and will do all in their power to prevent his nomination, which leads the Covington Commonwealth to remark, "Judge Durham stands well with the people of Kentucky, and in a contest, such as that suggested, somebody might get hurt. The democracy of Kentucky can stand a lively trial for Proctor Knott's successor, and possibly a stirring up from the bottom would not hurt the party."

The editor of the Midway Clipper, Mr. J. M. Hogue, was thrown from a buggy this week and had his leg broken and Mr. Dan M. Bowmar, editor of the Versailles Sun in the same county, was taken to a private sanitarium at Cincinnati, Monday to be treated for a mind trouble, which has effected him more or less since his terrible experience at the great Chicago fire ten years ago. The fraternity all over the State deeply sympathize with the unfortunate gentlemen and will wish for them a speedy recovery.

GEORGE A. JONES publishes a card in assuming editorial control of the Louisville Commercial, in which he says the paper will henceforth be "independent in all things, neutral in nothing." We hope he will succeed better than his predecessors, who, while claiming independence, had a most fearful republican bias. The Commercial is and will be a good paper nevertheless, there is no denying that.

A LEADING Indiana paper advocates the retirement from the leadership of the democracy of that State of Hendricks, McDonald and Voorhees and wants their places taken by younger and more progressive members of the party. Two at least of them are pretty fossiliferous.

Census GORDON WILLIAMS says he is not a candidate for anything, which is wonderful if true, and that he is for Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner with whom he has been in two wars and known to be a strong man and a good man, or governor.

THE retirement of Messrs. Young E. Allison and Dan E. O'Sullivan from the Commercial will be greatly regretted by the friends of these competent newspaper men. They are too bright lights, however to remain long under a bushel.

THERE was every indication yesterday that Gov. Hill would be nominated for Governor of New York by the democrats at Saratoga though Flower and Cooper claim to have a show.

GEN. EUGELL, it is said, will certainly be appointed Poston Agent of Kentucky. Col. Kelley should have been made to give away to a democrat long before this.

The Jones and Smiths will be tied politically in the next Legislature. There is one of each in both parties.

### VOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Five men were drowned in the Kentucky river below Frankfort Tuesday.

China will demand indemnity for the recent massacre of Chinamen in Wyoming.

The Louisville races are drawing large crowds and the sport and weather are very fine.

The State College at Lexington has 183 matriculates, 50 more than at the same time last year.

Fabel soap factory boiler, Louisville, exploded and killed Edward Ernest. Damage \$15,000.

Henry Ballard was stabbed to death by his stepson, Tyler Nally, Tuesday, in Nelson county.

Ex-Senator McDonald says nine tenths of the Indiana democrats are opposed to the Civil Service law.

The county of Barren will be asked to subscribe a \$100,000 to the capital stock of the Chesapeake & Nashville.

The coroner's verdict in the Kentucky Central accident near Lexington is that it was caused by a defective railroad.

The penalty for selling a cigarette to a boy or girl under 16 years of age in New Hampshire has been made \$20 for each of fence.

The tobacco crop was never better in Bourbon county, and farmers will have to enlarge their barns to hold the crop.—[Kentuckian.]

John Oestermeir, aged 14 years, a rock feeder at Sankey Bros' brick yard, Pittsburgh, fell into a crusher and was ground to pieces.

The latest estimate on the Indians township frauds foot up a total of \$609,213. Nine trustees have absconded, and it is feared more will follow.

Samuel Betts, of Lexington, dropped a pistol from his pocket which was discharged by the fall, the ball taking effect in his stomach and killing him.

James B. Lemon, formerly connected with the Short-line railroad in Louisville was found dead in the streets of Quincy, Fla., with a bullet hole in his head.

A horse in McCracken county, becoming alarmed at a passing train, trembled for a moment and dropped dead in her tracks. It is an undoubted case of death from fright.

Five Chinamen implicated in the murder of Daniel Frazier and robbery in Pierce City, Idaho, were taken from jail by citizens Tuesday night and hung to convenient trees.

Mrs. John Adams, of Lexington, jumped from a morning train near Georgetown under the impression that she had reached the depot and among other injuries she had several ribs broken.

A Baltimore negro has literally worn two fingers off in many years of shoveling coal. The case is reported by a physician as a curiosity. There is no apparent disease and no inconvenience.

It is reported in Washington that the Hon. A. M. Kelley is to receive the appointment of Third Assistant Secretary of State, in place of Alvey A. Ade, to be removed. The pay is \$3,500 a year.

The Treasury Department received for redemption a package of about \$100,000 in United States notes which are badly mutilated and almost beyond recognition. It is said that their owner, an Ohio farmer, had buried the notes in the earth in preference to placing them in a bank.

Robert Fowler has been found guilty, at Morganfield, of the murder of Miss Lydia Burnett last May. The murder was of a particularly atrocious character, and the verdict was not unexpected. The day for his execution has not yet been fixed.

The resignation of Dorman B. Eaton, chairman of the Civil Service Commission, is certainly in the hands of the President. This is greatly to Mr. Eaton's credit, and it is to be hoped that the absurd Ohio member, Judge Thoman, will soon follow in the footsteps of the chairman.—[Louisville Times.]

The skeleton of a man nine feet one inch in height is said to be on exhibition at the office of a firm in Thayer, Oregon county, Mo. The skeleton is further said to have been discovered by a party of men who were exploring a cave some three miles in length situated about nine miles from Thayer.

At a reunion of Gen. Grant's old regiment, the Twenty-first Illinois, held at Nease, Ill., Wednesday, Col. Fred Grant read a paper written by his father, in which he announced his belief that "we are on the eve of a new era, where there is to be great harmony between the Federals and Confederates."

The quiet which has ruled in the mountain counties since the Rowan county troubles were apparently settled, has been broken in Letcher county, whence comes the rumor that the Jones and Wright factions met last Saturday and renewed hostilities, the result being the killing of Deputy Sheriff Dolph Draughan, Sam Cook, and Sim Francis.

The Court of Appeals deserves unqualified credit for one decision at least. Frank Rankin's life sentence for the cold-blooded murder of Martin Cody is not too light for the offense. If ever a murderer was guilty it was Rankin, and it is like a breath of fresh air to learn that there were no ponderous quibbles upon which he could be acquitted.—[Louisville Commercial.]

The Bunkers' convention at Saratoga resolved: That it is the sense of this convention that the coinage of silver dollars under the compulsory law of 1878 is detrimental to the best interests of the people and dangerous to the welfare of the Government, and that the law should be immediately suspended and remain inoperative until an international agreement of the leading commercial nations shall give substantial assurance as to the future relation of gold and silver as money away to a democrat long before this.

A dispatch from St. Johns, N. B., tells us the wreck of the Steamer Humacao and the loss of 15 lives.

Seventeen people were crushed to death in the immense crowd, which attended Christine Nilsson's concert at Stockholm.

The illicit whisky dealers tried to blow Sam Jones' house up at Carterville, Ga., with dynamite because he went for them in a sermon.

The much-talked of \$100,000 hotel at Lexington, to be erected on the corner of Broadway and Short street is now a settled fact, as it is claimed the necessary amount has been subscribed.

The United States steamers *Seatawa* and *Yantic*, which have on board \$10,400,000 in silver coin from the sub-treasury at New Orleans, due in Washington Wednesday, have not been heard from since leaving Key West.

During the tornado at Washington C. H., a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" was blown into a place where it was found by a drunken man. He picked it up and commenced to read, and became interested. He joined the Salvation army, being prompted to do so from reading that book. The man says it has been the cause of his salvation.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

Heavy snow and gales and severe gales are reported from the Catskill Mountains and frost all over the North.

A heavy frost Wednesday night destroyed everything green in the gardens. No more tomatoes, late corn etc.

The little negro boy shot a few days ago at Junction City by Wm. Scoggin, also colored, is getting well. Scoggin is yet in jail.

We, that is some of the people of Boyle county, are slightly crazy on the whisky question. Lewis Falconer was convicted on Tuesday of selling whisky and fined \$10. It was commonly remarked afterwards that if Lewis had been on trial for bank robbery and evidence of the same weight and character had been given for and against the charge he would have been promptly acquitted.

Miss Vieve Powers who for the past three years has been telegraph operator at this place, has obtained the position of operator in the Senate Chamber at Washington, D. C., and will at once enter upon her duties. Miss Powers is an excellent operator and fully capable of doing the best telegraphic work. She is now at the Capital. Her mother, Mrs. Z. M. Powers, will join her in a few days. Mr. F. W. Samuel has returned from Louisville, where he has been engaged in the study of medicine during the summer.

In the circuit court Jack Birbse, for carrying concealed weapons, was given \$100 fine and 30 days in the work house; R. I. Moore for assault one cent and costs; Sam Farria, petty larceny, 30 days; Thos. Prather, retailing whisky, \$20 and costs. The trial of Cary Smith for malicious shooting was set for the 7th day of term. Judge Owley was absent Tuesday and C. R. P. Jacobs was elected special judge. Seven cases vs. Laura Powell for selling whisky continued. Order of arrest to Lincoln for John J. Bright, a prosecuting witness in seven cases, bail of witness fixed at \$25 in each case. Lewis Falconer appeal from Quarterly Court, trial and judgment for \$100 and costs. Grand jury returned the following indictments: Eliza Adams and Mollie Kirtly, receiving stolen goods; Hatlie Carter, grand larceny; Amanda Briscoe, malicious cutting; Emma Smith grand larceny.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

The farmers report heavy frosts Wednesday night doing some damage to the tobacco crop.

Rev. J. W. McGarvey has written that he will return here Nov. 10th and deliver his free lecture.

Rev. Green Clay Smith inured fourteen persons at the river Thursday morning, the result of his meeting thus far.

Col. L. F. Hubble and Dr. W. S. O'Neal bought Wednesday of Eld. Jesse Walden his residence on Lexington st. for \$1,000.

Some unknown person threw rocks through the windows in "Storms" and "Mare's" stores and through a court-house window Monday night. No arrests as yet.

At Jno. Birnside's sale near here Wednesday hogs sold at \$3.50 and \$4; yearling lambs \$60; four acres tobacco at \$150 and 350 acres of land to National Bank at \$50 per acre.

The Ladies Christian Aid Society will celebrate their eleventh anniversary Saturday evening at the Opera House. The entertainment will consist of the regular open session of the society, a review of its work, and recitations interspersed with music. At the close refreshments will be served. The small admission fee of 25 cts. will be charged.

A Toledo, O., paper publishes a singular story, which, in substance, is that thirteen years ago Thomas Hubbell, a farmer, residing in Monclova township, in that country, was supposed to have died and was buried. A few years ago his friends received a letter signed in the dead man's name, saying that he was alive and would soon visit them. Recently a second letter of that character was received. This caused an examination of the grave to be made, and the casket was found to be empty. The explanation of the mystery is said to be that the grave was robbed and the body sent to a medical college in Michigan, and that it was then discovered that the man was not dead, but his mind being affected by disease he could give no information concerning his friends, and was placed in an asylum, where he subsequently recovered. A brother of the re-interred party had gone to Michigan to investigate the matter. The widow of Hubbell married again seven years ago. The case has excited great interest in the locality of his former home.

## GEO. O. BARNES.

"Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else."

PROSPECT POINT, LANDOUR, N. INDIA, Aug. 15th, 1885.

DEAR INTERIOR:—The clouds are making up for lost time now, and the continuous downpour since August began has brought in daily accounts of flooded rivers, below; broken railway embankments; inundated villages and some lives lost. In the mountains the worst results have been confinement to our hangloves, and a few landslides, involving repairs in the shape of more stable embankments, here and there. For the rest the hills are in perfection in their robes of emerald green, studded with gems of many hues, diamonds, that flash in beauty like the jewels on a court dress.

Our friendly soldiers have had a change in their arrangements, nor so pleasant for some. Those who could not make out a "case" before the Medical Board, have been sent down to their regiments, in the plains; while others have taken their places here who need the recuperating virtue of the mountain air. Our friend Young of the "Suffolk" has gone with the rest. He was too robust to play invalid any longer, having at the last "gymkhana" walked a mile in "heavy marching order," under the 15 minutes allowed—thereby winning a prize of 20 rupees (\$10) for the smartest, but sealing his doom as a "convalescent." This morning we received a letter from him from Rorke's—where one wing of his regiment is stationed—bearing his sad fate. He quite broke down when we told us good bye—poor fellow—and it will be a long while I fear, before he has another such agreeable episode in his monotonous barrack life, as his journal at Landour and unrestricted run of "Prospect Point." When we thought that the next thing we might hear of him, would be a bad upon the ensanguined battle field, or a rest in the hospital, we never could bear to check the familiarity of his frequent visits to our house; and when we saw how content with a happy family circle was a son of a rugged, reckless character, that had never once, known what a true "home" was, we felt that it was worth any effort to give a never to be forgotten change to the current of his rough life. And now that he is gone and writes back so gratefully, telling us what these months have done for him we are all the more glad, that we never did a word or act showed him that his visits had ever been at all intrusive.

One evening a few days before he left for the plains, he told us something of his painful history. How at 18 he had run away from his home in London, where father and mother had ruled him with a "rod of iron;" and lay down under a bayrick 32 miles out of the great city, at the end of his first day's frightened run; wearied, hungry, writhed to dry himself to sleep. And from that time to this his life has been an aimless wandering. Six years on a naval training ship; five years in great London, where the memory of his cheerful child life was strong upon him, that he never returned, even for a visit, to the paternal roof; and six years of the life of a private in the British army, has brought him to strong manhood, with never a softening feature in from first to last. And when I consider how sheltered was my own childhood, how tenderly I was cared for in a christian home, and how many influences for blessing crowned my life. I am ashamed to think that this man—steady, sober and faithful to the duties of his humble sphere—at 25, has "turned out" better—all things considered—than I had at his age. For he stands firm, with everything against him, first and last; while I often failed with everything in my favor.

These pathetic "annals of the poor" are far more common than we think, and these sound lives, born and bred in wrong and wretchedness, yet coming out conquerors in spite of all, are not rare, if we could only get at the story that we never suspect, until in a moment of social confidence—love begetting trust—the full heart lets out the secret it has hidden for long.

Young's companion and intimate, who is left forlorn by his departure, is of another sort. A brisk, cheery little fellow; plump, active and measuring tremendous round the chest, as lively as a cricket, and with a quick wit in anecdote and repartee, and once a famous runner, until a badly broken leg reduced him to a sojourner in a hospital, still active "on his pins." He enlisted as a drummer at 18 and is but 20 now; steady as a clock; a total abstainer, as Young also is; proficient in his deportment—knowing perfectly every drum tap and roll and every bugle call in the complicated repertoire; and the soul of kind obligingness. We are very partial to little Jessup, and he too loves to run round in "Prospect Point" for a cup of tea and an evening chat when not on duty.

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE]

It is stated that in the next Congress an effort will be made to do away with the sunset gun now fired at all posts in the country. When the United States army is compelled to retire without knowing when the sun sets, we may well echo the old political cundrums, "Whither are drift?" Next thing know an effort will be made to still further cripple the usefulness of our army by abolishing military posts at West Point.—[Norritown Herald.]

THE PERFECT FIGURE.—To meet the requirements of a classic figure a lady should be 5 feet 4 1/2 inches tall, 32 inches bust measure, 21 inches waist, 9 in. from arm pit to waist, long arms and neck. A queenly woman, however, should be 5 feet 5 inches tall, 31 inches about the bust, 26 1/2 inches about the waist, 12 1/2 inches around the ball of the arm and 6 1/2 inches wrist. Her hands and feet should not be too small.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

## W. H. HIGGINS

DEALER IN

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Saddles, Queenware, Buggy Whips, Iron, Nails, Spokes, Grates, Rims, Cane Mills, Harness, Cedar Mills, Lap Covers, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Fumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Gutting will have prompt attention.

Salesmen { W. H. McKinney, Jr.

### THE NEW GROCERY AND HARDWARE HOUSE OF

# Semi-weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., September 25, 1885

## L. & H. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	12:30 P. M.
" " South	1:30 A. M.
Express train" South	1:32 A. M.
" " North	2:05 A. M.

Time is calculated on standard time. Solar time about 30 minutes faster.

## LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your school books from Penny & McAlister.

COMPLETE stock of school books, and school supplies at McAlister & Stagg's.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

BUY the Horse Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockingham watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

## PERSONAL.

—Col. W. G. WELCH has gone to the Expedition.

—Miss ANNIE ALCORN is attending the fair at Somerset.

—MR. AND MRS. W. M. BOILE went to Louisville yesterday.

—Mr. E. MATTHEWS and son, Phil, went to Kansas yesterday.

—Mrs. JOSEPH LOVETT is lying at the point of death of typho-malarial fever.

—MRS. MOODY HARDIN will leave Monday for the cities to buy her fall goods.

—Mrs. W. C. PARK, of Irvine, arrived on a visit to Mrs. Geo. H. Bruce, last night.

—Miss LETTIE HELM has gone to Lebanon to visit her cousin, Mrs. R. W. Lillard.

—Miss ANNIE WAINWRIGHT, a charming young lady from Memphis, returns to her home to day.

—Dr. A. O. BRUNTON, of Andover, Kan., is on a visit to his father's family after an absence of several years.

—Mr. J. DREYER is back from North Carolina, where he bought many thousand feet of walnut lumber.

—W. W. HALE, Esq., and Gov. James H. Glynn, of the Louisville bar, were here on legal business Wednesday.

—Miss ANNIE DUNN, who has spent the summer in this section, will return to her home in Louisville this afternoon.

—Mr. AND MRS. W. M. O'BRYAN, of Crab Orchard, returned home last Monday from a visit to relatives in Nelson county.—[Lebanon Standard].

—Dr. V. C. LASLEY, of Lincoln county, is visiting friends and relatives around Hazard.—[Glasgow Times]. This is a new doctor on us.

—We are indebted to Mrs. Belle W. Birdett, Secretary, for an invitation to attend the 11th anniversary of the Ladies Christian Aid Society at the Opera House, Lancaster, Sept. 26th.

—Mr. P. A. MANDARACH, the prescription clerk for Penny & McAlister, will leave to-morrow to accept a remunerative situation as first clerk in the large drug establishment of F. W. Herbst, at Columbus, Ohio. He is a goliathically department he has made many friends who regret to see him leave.

—Mr. AND MRS. F. J. CURRAN left for Springfield, Mo., on the 205 express this morning, to attend the fair and remain a few weeks with relatives. Miss Adah Fallow, their charming little sister, accompanied them. During her stay she has endeared herself to everyone who has formed her acquaintance, for she is a most lovely and lovable young lady. A good many hearts will experience an aching void to day and hereafter.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

BEAUTIFUL CANDLES at T. R. Walton's.

FRESH OYSTERS in can and served any style at S. S. Myers'.

Mrs. MOODY HARDIN is daily receiving new fall millinery and desires her patrons to call early.

Bacon — Two hundred and fifty thousand, and hard, well burned, for sale by Henry Baughman.

Now is your opportunity to buy a buggy. We are selling all goods at actual cost and earnings until Oct. 1st. Bright & Company.

We sought to interview Dr. Bailey in regard to some charges made in the Paris Courier, but found that he had gone to Lexington to the Jersey sale.

FROST — The wave which bore down on this section Tuesday night developed into a really cold snap and yesterday morning the hills and valleys were covered with frost. It is too late to do any harm to the corn, but the standing tobacco is badly damaged, and unfortunately there is a good deal standing.

The Garfield Female College announces that a first annual Teachers' course for ladies will begin January 28th. We know of no better way for teachers to make themselves thoroughly competent for their work than by taking this course, which has been fixed at so low a rate, as to put it in the reach of the poor. Write to Col. H. A. Evans for catalogue.

There is supposed to be a law in force here which prohibits the running at large of hogs upon the streets. But it is a dead letter so far as enforcing it, for the marshal seems to have ceased to think it is his duty. They are exceedingly annoying to the populace and the council should see that the law is rigidly enforced. Tuesday a half starved porker which had the run of the street, jumped through a large window glass in Mr. Keeney Willard's new house, causing him considerable loss and for which he might demand pay from the town.

A FEW Mason's Fruit Jars yet at T. R. Walton's.

TEN Shares of Farmers' National Bank Stock for sale. Apply at the Bank.

I WILL deliver Hyacinth and Tulip bulb's next week, please be ready for them. J. C. Thompson, Lancaster.

The Governor has pardoned Stewart M. Carson, of Crab Orchard, who was sentenced in Whitley county to 10 days in jail and fined \$25 for carrying a dark concealed.

The fat men of Stanford should organize a base ball club and try the professionals before they disband. How would this do for a nine: A. S. Myers, 290 pounds; E. H. Burnside 230; Col. W. G. Welch 225; John Y. Myers 220; William Daugherty 226; A. T. Nunnelley 230; R. T. Mattingly 230; Peter Hampton 205 and John B. Mershon 220.

The room of Mr. George McAlister was robbed Tuesday of his watch, valuable as an heirloom, and all his clothing save the suit he had on and one that he happened to have in the store. His loss is from \$150 to \$200. He has suspicions as to the thief and will no doubt get him before he is aware that he is suspected. The thief should teach everybody in town to lock their doors, a thing which is hardly ever thought of among the young men especially.

ACQUITTED — George T. Bill, who killed his father Sunday evening by shooting him four times, had his examining trial at the late residence of the deceased, W. M. Bill, yesterday and was released from custody. There was evidence that the son had threatened to shoot the old man several days before he did, but committing the deed under the circumstances related in our last, Judge Carson considered it a case of justifiable homicide. Old man Bill was worth about \$40,000 and it is claimed that a desire to get hold of his money had something to do with his killing.

A STARTLING DOCUMENT. — We have been in possession of the facts recited here with for a week, but in deference to the wishes of those most concerned, we withheld the publication of them, hoping with them that the matter would not reach the public prints. But as it has we deem it best to give a correct statement of it, so that no blame can attach to the late principal of our college or to the President of the Millersburg College. On the 10th of last February, Miss Minnie Duncan, of Chaplin, Washington county, Ky., a pretty little blonde of 18, entered Stanford Female College and at once became a favorite with teachers and classmates. She was of a modest and retiring disposition and the last person that would be suspected of bringing reproach upon herself and family. During the spring she affected a trouble peculiar to women and was put under the treatment of a prominent physician who treated her for that disease. There were suspicious remarks about her figure, but these were silenced by the statement that she was afflicted either with dropsy or tumor. She remained an inmate of the College during the summer and about the 1st of this month left for Millersburg college, the management of which had secured most of the faculty and several of the pupils of Stanford College. Arriving there her figure again created remark, and was silenced in good faith as before. But as well as she had kept her secret up to this time, the inevitable day when she could no longer do so was fast arriving and on the 19th she started the quiet village of Millersburg by giving birth to a well developed hoy baby. To say that president and faculty were astounded and mortified but faintly expresses their condition. The poor girl was moved as soon as possible to the house of a neighboring physician where she still remains. After it was too late to save the College the effects of the denouement, Miss Minnie confessed that Charles Rose, of Washington county, was the author of her trouble and produced letters from him to prove her statement. What he will do to repair even in a measure the cruel wrong he has inflicted on an innocent and confiding girl, remains to be seen. He should be forced to marry her, if necessary at the muzzle of a shot gun and compelled to support the poor girl and their offspring. What makes the affair more deplorable is that the girl is an orphan, who never knew a mother's love or had the advantage of a mother's counsel, she having died when Miss Minnie was an infant. She was left in charge of her grandfather and he having married a second time, they found it more convenient to have her board elsewhere. His name is N. B. Beauchamp and is said to be wealthy. What the poor girl has suffered all these weary months is just imagining. Those who saw her at the College say she would frequently come down in the morning with red and swollen eyes, which they now know was caused by weeping, but which the girl attributed to headache. If she has any male relatives worthy of the name of man, they will see that her betrayer suffers the full penalty of his heinous crime.

A private letter from Millersburg says that brother of the unfortunate girl had arrived there and went most bitterly when he saw her the mother of an illegitimate offspring. He says he started with Rose, who promised to marry the girl, but he gave additional evidence of his meanness, by giving her the slip, so there is no hope of his trying to repair the wretchedness he has brought on a bright young life.

No one with ordinary intelligence can lay the least blame in the unfortunate matter to either the old management of the Stanford College or the new management of the Millersburg College. A moment's thought will convince the most prejudiced that neither would run the risk of wrecking his own standing and business prospects, by permitting the girl to remain with them had they in the least suspected the real trouble.

## BASE BALL

[BY OUR SPORTING EDITOR.]

The home team played the last two games of the season with the Danvilles at the Centre College Park on Monday and Wednesday, the 21st and 23d. They were defeated in both games, which gives the Danvilles the second place and the Stanford third place. The first game was remarkable only for some of the most wretched playing by the out fielders ever seen on any ground. Corbett played a fine game at second base and did some very remarkable base running. Bellman, Strick and Nelson also did very fine work. The score stood 9 to 6.

In the second game, the home boys had the game won until the eighth inning when three flies were muffed in succession by the out fielders which yielded the Danvilles four scores. The home team were unable to score in the ninth inning and the Danvilles were again victorious.

Innings..... 2 8 4 5 6 7 8 9 - T. Stanford ..... 0 1 4 0 0 6 0 5 - Danville ..... 1 1 0 0 0 4 8 -

Bellman has caught six games in succession without a passed ball.

Corbett is acknowledged on all sides to be the best player in the league and his constant good humor under all circumstances has greatly endeared him to our boys.

The base ball season is now over and our hired men will return home in a few days. They have all deplored themselves like gentlemen and their departure is regretted on all sides. They have all promised to return next spring and sign with us again and the lovers of the game may expect the best team in the league. One of our brightest young business men has promised to assume the management next season, and this fact alone is an assurance of its success.

Mrs. SAM BROWN, of Hustonville, died Wednesday of consumption.

POSTMASTER B. G. ALFORD received the special delivery stamp yesterday. Now is your chance to save telegraph tolls.

## MARRIAGES.

—David Stephens, Jr., of Garrard, and Miss Sallie, daughter of Mr. Arch Anderson, were married by Rev. J. M. Bruce Tuesday.

—At Harrodsburg, Miss Julia, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Stephenson will be married to Chas. M. Kurtz, of New York, Thursday noon, Oct. 1st.

—A Stanford man will lead a Versailles lady to the altar the first week in October. Mr. Will H. Wherry is the name of the fortunate gentleman and Miss Lizzie Bailey that of the lady.

—Mr. Henri Bicher, a young German obtained license yesterday to marry Miss Sophie Burr, also recently from Germany. The marriage will occur next Sunday at Luthersheim church.

—James Farley, a young painter of Lancaster, and Miss Mamie McIntyre, a charming blonde, of Berea, Madison county, were married on Tuesday of last week in Winchester. —[Democrat].

—Ex Gov. English, of Connecticut, is to be married to Miss Morris, a blue blooded Brooklyn belle. The governor is 75 and Miss Morris 20, but the governor puts his \$6,000,000 in the scales a balance to youth and beauty.

—The betrothed bride of a Springfield man objects to marrying while in mourning for the death of a relative, and he has waited thirty five years for an interval in her grief, so close together have been the bereavements.

## RELIGIOUS.

—The Church of England does not materially differ from the Episcopal church of this country.

—E. J. G. Livingston writes from Crab Orchard: Our meeting goes on with unabated interest with 53 additions to date.

—Eld. Joseph Ballou and G. L. Surber closed a meeting at Bradfordsville Monday night with 28 additions to the congregation.

—An agitation to change the name of the Methodist Episcopal Church South is likely to result, it is thought, in a choice of Episcopal Methodists. —[N. Y. Sun].

—Prof. John L. Sullivan estimates that he has cleared \$175,000 at batteaus in five years, and there are lots of poor parsons all through New England who continue to pound the pulpit en-bonit at \$800 a year.

—The Louisville Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church South, in session at Greenville, refused by an unanimous vote to adopt a resolution looking to changing the name of the church to that of Methodist Episcopal Church in America.

—Eld. John M. Long is holding a meeting at an school house on Green River, near McKinney. So far six have confessed and were Baptized. The people seem interested generally and the organization of a church at that place is spoken of. —J. H. Eason.

—One of the most brotherly acts we have heard of in a long time is told of in the Paris Kentuckian, which says that Eld. John S. Sweeney dismissed his congregation and went with them in a body to hear and welcome Rev. Alex. Redd, the new Methodist preacher, at his night service Sunday. Such acts are convincing that there is more in Christianity than some of us are led to believe.

—The meeting at the Baptist church has resulted in 25 additions so far and preachers and people unite in saying it is one of the most glorious revivals ever held in Stanford. The sermons of Mr. Daniel are eloquent and effective, while the exhortations of Mr. Bruce, in whose pietistic ways have confidence, are delivered so earnestly and so persuasively, that old and young alike are brought to consider the error of their way. The meeting will continue for sometime yet.

## LAND, STOCK AND CROPS

—Pete Northern sold wheat for sale by Geo. D. Warren.

For Sale — seed wheat and rye. Clark Clegg, McKinney.

—T. C. Jasper bought of Mrs. Pamela Cloud 120 acres of land on Green River for \$5,000.

—Richard Cobb sold to C. W. Moreland 20 head of cattle at 5 cents, for November delivery.

—W. M. and N. D. Luckey sold to J. A. Harris & Son 20 head of 1,100 pound feeders at 42 cents.

—Soc Owens has for sale 1 pair of mules 1½ hands, 3 horses and 6 milk cows at Hustonville, Ky.

—The Richmond Creamery has shut down. It is \$900 in debt, but has 3,000 pounds of butter on hand.

—Col. J. W. Weatherford has sold 170 acres of his farm lying between here and Middletown, to J. K. Venardale at \$45.

—For Sale — A lot of splendid aged stock mares and common horses. Call on John H. Miller, Stanford, Ky. J. S. Haynes.

—J. M. Hill, the theatrical manager, of Cincinnati, has sold his traveling team, Westmont and Lorenz, to Frank Siddall, the soap man, of Philadelphia, for \$50,000.

—In Chicago Tuesday wheat jumped up 3 cents on the bushel closing 85¢, for September, 85¢; for October, 87¢@87½; for November, 89¢; for December and 91¢, for May.

—At a sale of Jerseys in New York 27 head averaged \$600. Oxford Kate, with a record of 39 lbs, 12 oz of butter in seven days, brought \$3,250; Filpsil Second \$1,000; Weepishain, \$1,100.

There are thirty counties in Kansas infected by hog cholera. The disease is more prevalent than at any time during the history of the State, and the loss will undoubtedly reach \$1,000,000 or more.

—B. F. Cloud bought 36 mule colts at Georgetown Monday at prices ranging from \$10 to \$75 per head according to quality. Farmers are paying 6 to 8 cents per shock for cutting corn. —[Winchester Democrat].

—W. B. Kidd bought of A. R. Spar 60 head of 1,500-lb cattle at about \$5,10, and 47 head of 1,400 lb cattle at \$4,90 per cwt. The cattle are to be delivered on the 29th inst., and will be shipped to Europe. —[Winchester Sun].

—GROUPTON COURT — 300 cattle offered. Feeders brought 3½ to 4½; yearlings 3½ to 4 and a lot of 2-year-old \$40 per head. One bunch, 13 head, of two-year-old mules sold at \$88 per head, and mule colts at \$50 to \$70 per head, according to quality.

## DOCTOR GEORGE.

[J. L. Barbour in Boston Examiner.] About the only earthly possession of any value George Hixon had on his 22d birthday was a handsome diploma of parchment tied up with a blue ribbon. The diploma was from a medical college of very high standing, and George had worked hard and faithfully for four long years for that diploma. That he deserved it made it a valuable possession.

He had with it a good deal of capital in the shape of courage, enthusiasm, faith in himself and the world. He was honest, manly and patient, and could begin life at the right end of the ladder. He was so poor that he had to walk part way from the college to his old home, the village of Sharon. The first man he met at the end of his tiresome journey was old Enoch Lampson, a man who had known George from the day of his birth.

"How do, George, how do do! Home again, eh?" was the old man's greeting.

"Yes, sir," replied George, "home to stay this time."

"So you're a full-fledged pillmaker, an' ready to go into partnership with old Billy, our graveyard sexton, be?" asked the old man, with poor wit.

George felt disposed to resent this, but he did not.

"You don't calcinto on settlin' down here in Sharon, do you?" continued old Enoch.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Wal, now, I dunno—I dunno—but that George."

"Why shouldn't I begin here?" asked the young man; "I hear that old Dr. Edmunds has died lately, and no one has yet come to take his place. Why should I not do so? I am young."

"That's hit, George; that's hit!" interrupted old Enoch; "yer too young; they's just whar shoo plusses. Likewise, is one place whar hit plusses. 'Nother thing is that—that—"

The old man scratched his head in evident confusion. He looked keenly at the young man, whose face began to flush.

"Wal," resumed the old man, "you know as well as anybody, George, jiss wat yer family connection is; you know that—"

"I know it so well that you need not take the trouble to enlighten me any further on the subject," replied the young man, very quickly. "I know to my sorrow that my father was a common drunkard, and that I am generally known as 'old Joe Hixon's son.' I know that my oldest brother followed in my father's footsteps and was killed in a drunken brawl in this town. My other brother has gone to the bad, too. But I know, and you know, too, Mr. Lampson, that my mother was a—*a woman as ever lived through years of shame and suffering, to die at last of a broken heart.*"

"That's even so, George," admitted the old man. "I know your mither when she was purty Mary Jackson, 'fore it was ever her misfortune to know yer reprobate father, an' she was, as you say, as good a woman as ever drawn breath; but her's yer father's name you've got, an' the name of Hixon don't stand very high in these parts. But I'll say for you, George, that I hasn't a word to say agin you personally an' individually. I am free ter say an' believe that yer of a mind ter do what's right, an' that you want to raise yer name far 'bove the 'jesum that's now on hit."

"I do want that," was the young man's earnest reply, "and it's strange if be Christian people of this town refuse to give me help and encouragement. My own record here is clear; I am not ashamed to have it read. Of course, I am young, and most people are a little afraid of young physicians; but all physicians were once young, an' I must have a beginning, you know."

"Now, I have studied faithfully, carefully, even prayerfully, for four long years. I have spent every dollar I had educating myself. No one knows of the deprivations I have had to suffer for this," said he, holding up his diploma as he spoke.

"I have earned it," he went on; "it is my own by right of four years of hard study. Of course, I know of the opposition I will probably meet with in the beginning; I am young; I know more of theory than of practice so far. But there are several reasons why I want to locate here in my boyhood home. I am bound to win in the end; you will see that."

"Well, George, I hasn't a thing agin you myself. I wish you well as fur as I'm concerned. Ver grifity; I remember that you had that streak in you when you was a little youngster. But I just make up my mind that I'd tell you fair an' square what the chances wuz for an'g'in you here."

"I am greatly obliged," said George, "but I was prepared for all you have told me. I feel that I shall bring it to pass." There is the foundation of my faithful courage, Mr. Lampson. I have often proven the truth of that most helpful an' most blessed promise. It gives me courage and confidence now. I know it will not fail me."

But there were many days and weeks and months after that when poor George's courage and confidence almost failed him.

"Old Enoch had truthfully said:

"Dr. George will have a hard row to dig."

He had indeed. The name of Hixon was well-reputed in an old Sharon. The people were prejudiced against the poor young fellow, although they could not but admit that his own character was above reproach. They had known him from his boyish days, and it did not seem natural to call him "Dr." Hixon. And he was so poor of that hard-earned title.

Could anything more exasperating than to have a crowd of ill-breeding rascals assemble in front of his poor, shabby little office, while one of their number sang out:

Doctor, doctor, kill you tell  
What will make a sick man well?  
Gives his heels and tar his nose,  
And that will do, I suppose.

The doctor's office was a shabby little affair, and he was quite too poor to make it better. He had no carpet, no pictures, nothing but a cheap chair, a chair or two, and the few oil but valuable books which composed the doctor's library. Appearance goes a great way toward a physician's success or failure, no matter how greatly we may affect to underrate them. He should be well dressed. A shabby man can never assume a very dignified appearance. His office should be neat and inviting. It hangs ill for the amount of a man's practice if his office is as shabby as poor Dr. George's was.

If the young fellow could only have had a chance. But there were the people sending ten miles to K——, a neighboring town, for Dr. Graves, who could ride over in his carriage and count their pulse-beats by a magnifying glass watch. His clothes were of the best of tailor-made, and he had graduated from the same college from which Dr. George's diploma had come. His father had left him in moderate fortune, and he could begin his career in a manner becoming a physician.

And poor George had to sit in his dreary

office, in his frayed and patched garments, waiting for the patients that would not come, while Dr. Graves went driving by day after day. Every few days disturbed and dejected young doctor heard rumors of a *call* coming to Sharon, and the village paper openly published in its columns that "an experienced and competent physician will do well to locate in Sharon."

After that Dr. George thought he would really have to seek a new field of labor, and in deepest despondency he feared that he had perhaps relied too much on the promise that he deserved it made it a valuable possession.

He had with it a good deal of capital in

the shape of courage, enthusiasm, faith in himself and the world. He was honest, manly and patient, and could begin life at the right end of the ladder. He was so poor that he had to walk part way from the college to his old home, the village of Sharon. The first man he met at the end of his tiresome journey was old Enoch Lampson, a man who had known George from the day of his birth.

"How do, George, how do do! Home again, eh?" was the old man's greeting.

"Yes, sir," replied George, "home to stay this time."

"So you're a full-fledged pillmaker, an' ready to go into partnership with old Billy, our graveyard sexton, be?" asked the old man, with poor wit.

George felt disposed to resent this, but he did not.

"You don't calcinto on settlin' down here in Sharon, do you?" continued old Enoch.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Wal, now, I dunno—I dunno—but that George."

"Why shouldn't I begin here?" asked the young man; "I hear that old Dr. Edmunds has died lately, and no one has yet come to take his place. Why should I not do so? I am young."

"That's hit, George; that's hit!" interrupted old Enoch; "yer too young; they's just whar shoo plusses. Likewise, is one place whar hit plusses. 'Nother thing is that—that—"

The old man scratched his head in evident confusion. He looked keenly at the young man, whose face began to flush.

"Wal," resumed the old man, "you know as well as anybody, George, jiss wat yer family connection is; you know that—"

"I know it so well that you need not take the trouble to enlighten me any further on the subject," replied the young man, very quickly. "I know to my sorrow that my father was a common drunkard, and that I am generally known as 'old Joe Hixon's son.'

I know that my oldest brother followed in my father's footsteps and was killed in a drunken brawl in this town. My other brother has gone to the bad, too. But I know, and you know, too, Mr. Lampson, that my mother was a—*a woman as ever lived through years of shame and suffering, to die at last of a broken heart.*"

But at last he made up his mind to go west. Hope had died out in his heart. The people of Sharon were determined to ignore him. He could not succeed there. He need not be in danger thus far, and if the enemy retreats we shall share the credit. I must try and make everybody believe that I am disappointed because we have not been ordered to advance."

"Boom—shriek—crash! Now the enemy opens fire in reply. They have six guns to answer three. In two minutes they have the range, and a shell kills or wounds five or six men. The Coward's cheek grows pale again, and he whispers:

"Great heavens! but we shall all be slaughtered! Why doesn't the colonel ordered us to retire? Why are men kept here to be shot down in this way? What a fool I was not to go on the picket-list last night! If it wasn't that so many are looking at me I'd lie down to escape the fire."

Another shell—third—fourth—fifth, and the fire is not returned, the Coward begins to pluck up heart. He blusters at the men, tries to joke with the officer on the right, and says to himself:

"Egad! but this may turn out all right. We are in no danger thus far, and if the enemy retreats we shall share the credit. I must try and make everybody believe that I am disappointed because we have not been ordered to advance."

"Boom—shriek—crash! Now the enemy opens fire in reply. They have six guns to answer three. In two minutes they have the range, and a shell kills or wounds five or six men. The Coward's cheek grows pale again, and he whispers:

"Great heavens! but we shall all be slaughtered! Why doesn't the colonel ordered us to retire? Why are men kept here to be shot down in this way? What a fool I was not to go on the picket-list last night! If it wasn't that so many are looking at me I'd lie down to escape the fire."

Another shell—third—fourth—fifth, and the fire is not returned, the Coward begins to pluck up heart. He blusters at the men, tries to joke with the officer on the right, and says to himself:

"We shall advance!" whispers the Coward. The order will come to dash forward and take those guns. Shot and shell and grape will leave none of us alive. What folly to advance! I hope I may be slightly wounded, so that I shall have an excuse for seeking cover in some of these ditches."

An aide rides up to the colonel and gives an order. The colonel rides to the head of his line and orders the men dressed for an advance. The men dress under the hot fire, and the Coward groans aloud:

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

The line dashes forward into the smoke—the enemy's fire grows more rapid—the dead and wounded strew the ground. Where and what of the Coward? Three days later the colonel's report will read:

"An aide rides up to the colonel and gives an order. The colonel rides to the head of his line and orders the men dressed for an advance. The men dress under the hot fire, and the Coward groans aloud:

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the service—to put myself in front of death! Oh dear—if I could only get some excuse for lagging behind!"

"It is awful to die this way! How idiotic in me to accept a commission—to enter the